Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweet milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad men haue no eares.
Ro. How should they, when wise men haue no eyes.
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy haire,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knocks.

Fri. Arise, one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe,
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of heart-sicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken (stay awhile) stand vp.

Knocke againe.

Run to my studie (by and by) Gods will,
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's my Ladies Lord, where's *Romeo*.
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O, he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O:
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not shee thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staynd the child-hood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is shee? and how doth shee? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh, shee sayes nothing, sir, but weeps and v
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cryes,
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell
Did murther her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cryes out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast:
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?